

MY OLDER SON RESPONDED
TO MY QUESTION.

IT'S OKAY,
MOM... I'M FINE...



A person with dark hair, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt, is shown from the chest up. They are holding a dark, rectangular object with both hands in front of their chest. Their mouth is slightly open as if speaking.

I'M NOT
AFRAID. REALLY.

A person with dark hair is shown from the chest up, looking down. They are wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt. Their expression is somber or contemplative.

SO...
YOU SHOULD
SAVE HIM.

HEARING THAT,
HIS YOUNGER TWIN BROTHER SAID.

NO, MOM.
HE'S HEALTHIER
THAN ME.





HEARING THAT,



I COULDN'T SAY A WORD.



THEY ARE BOTH SUCH
PRECIOUS BEINGS TO ME,

BOTH CHILDREN ARE
LIKE LIFE ITSELF TO ME,



GOD,

HOW COULD YOU DO
THIS TO ME...?

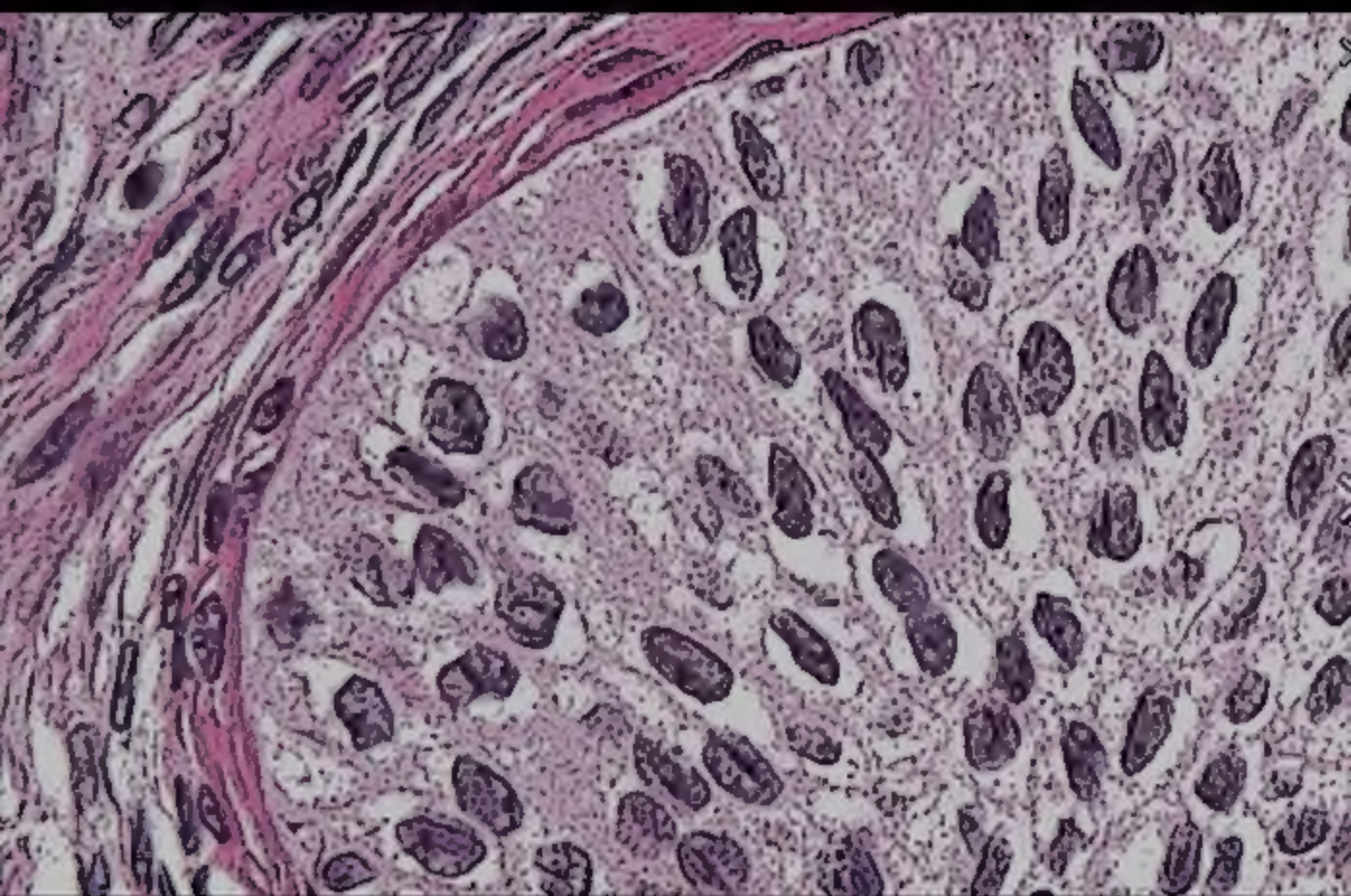
FRIDAY
FORBIDDEN TALES
禁曜日

086. THE CHOICE (1)

VON HIPPEL-LINDAU SYNDROME.

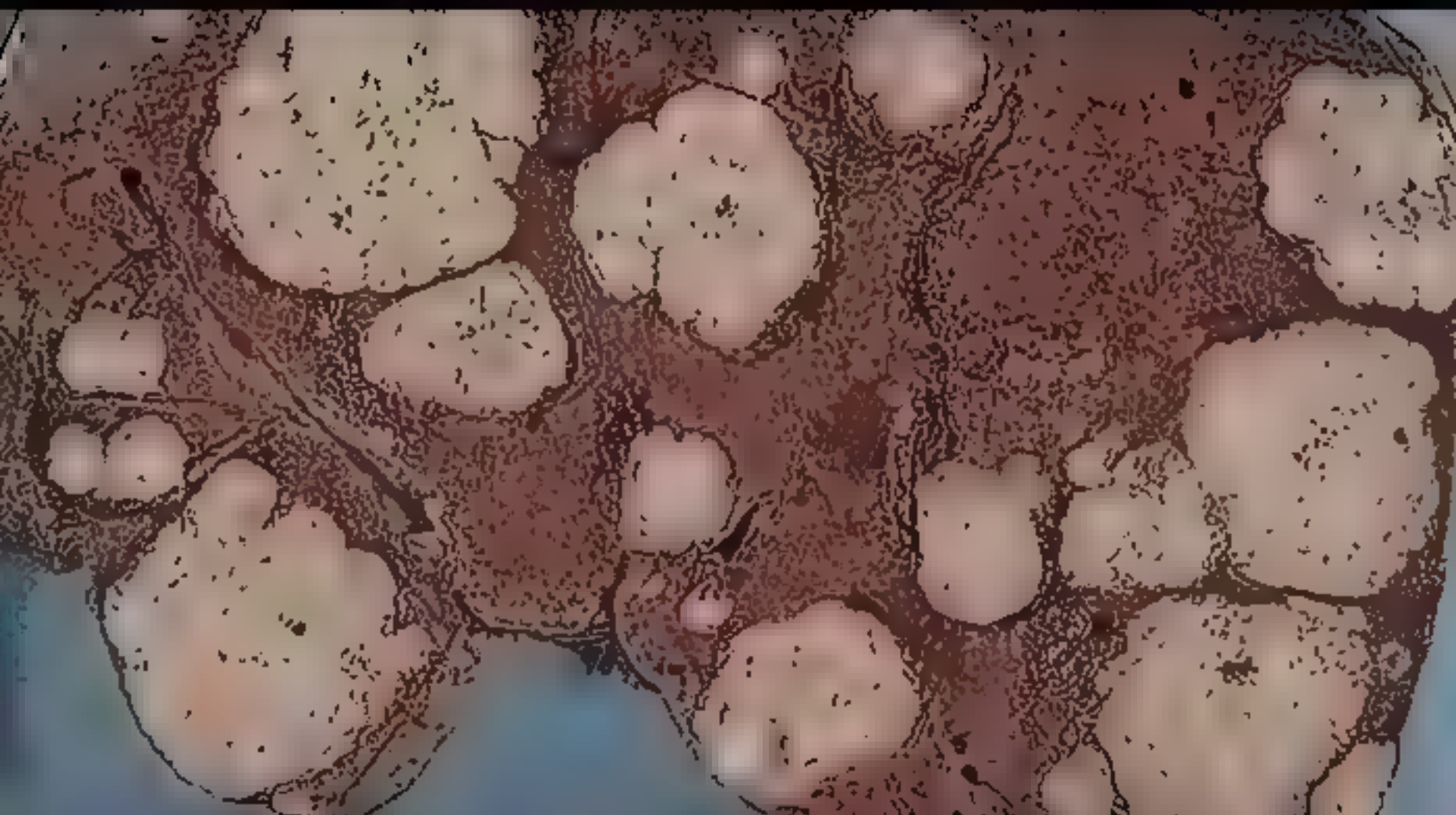
A RARE TYPE OF INHERITED DISORDER,
IT'S A COMPLEX SYNDROME WHICH CAUSES
BOTH MALIGNANT AND BENIGN TUMORS

IN EVERY PART OF THE BODY,
FROM THE LIVER, KIDNEYS AND
PANCREAS TO THE ADRENAL GLAND,
SPLEEN, LUNGS AND RETINA.



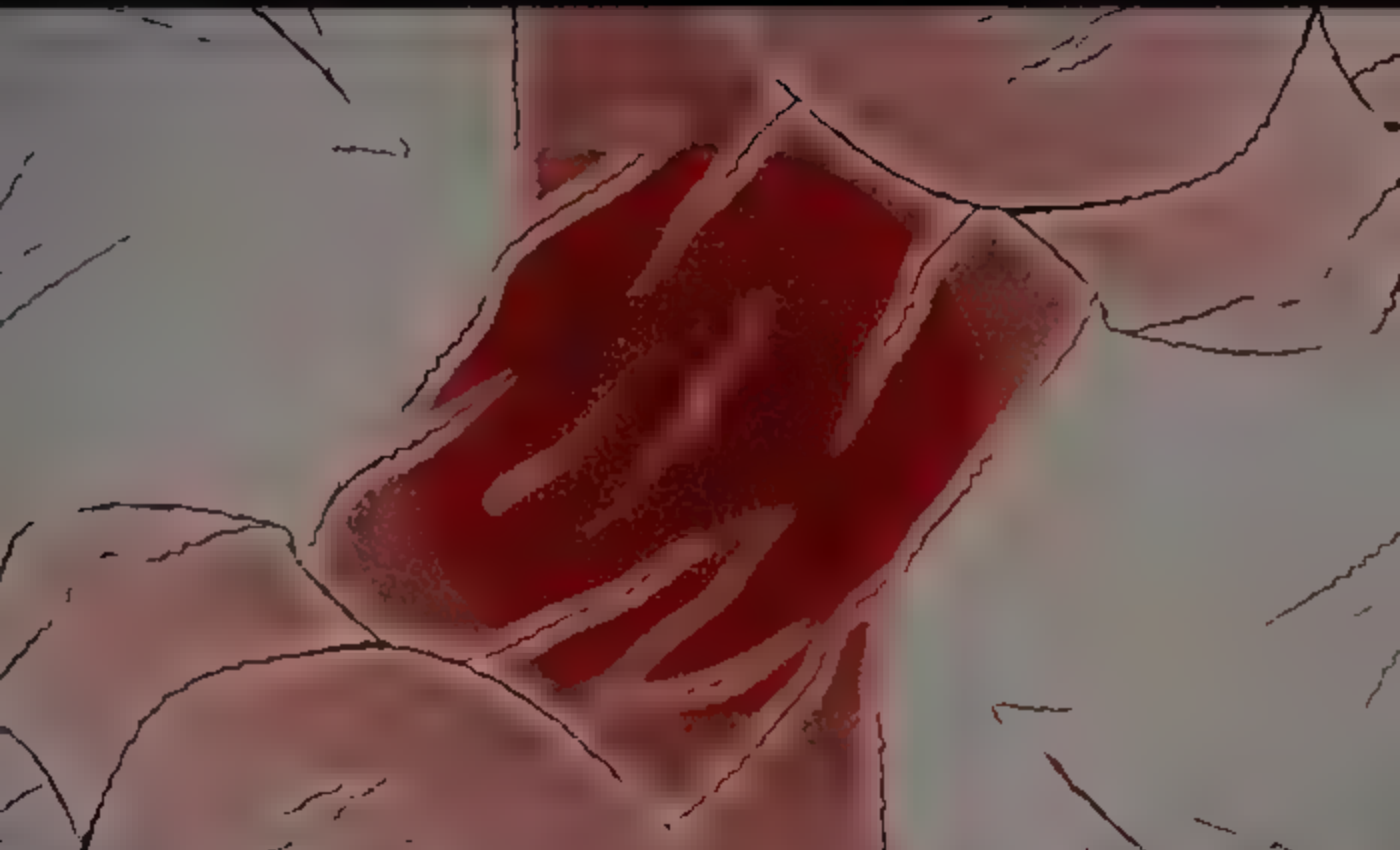
MY TWINS DEVELOPED THE
DISORDER VERY EARLY ON.

AND PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY ARE TWINS,
THEY ALSO DEVELOPED THE DISORDER
AT AROUND THE SAME TIME.



**MY HEART WAS TORN APART BY
HAVING TO WATCH BOTH OF MY
SONS DIE AT THE SAME TIME.**

**IT WAS ABSOLUTELY
RIPPED TO SHREDS.**



**I TRIED EVERYTHING TO TRY TO SLOW
THE PROGRESS OF THE DISEASE.**



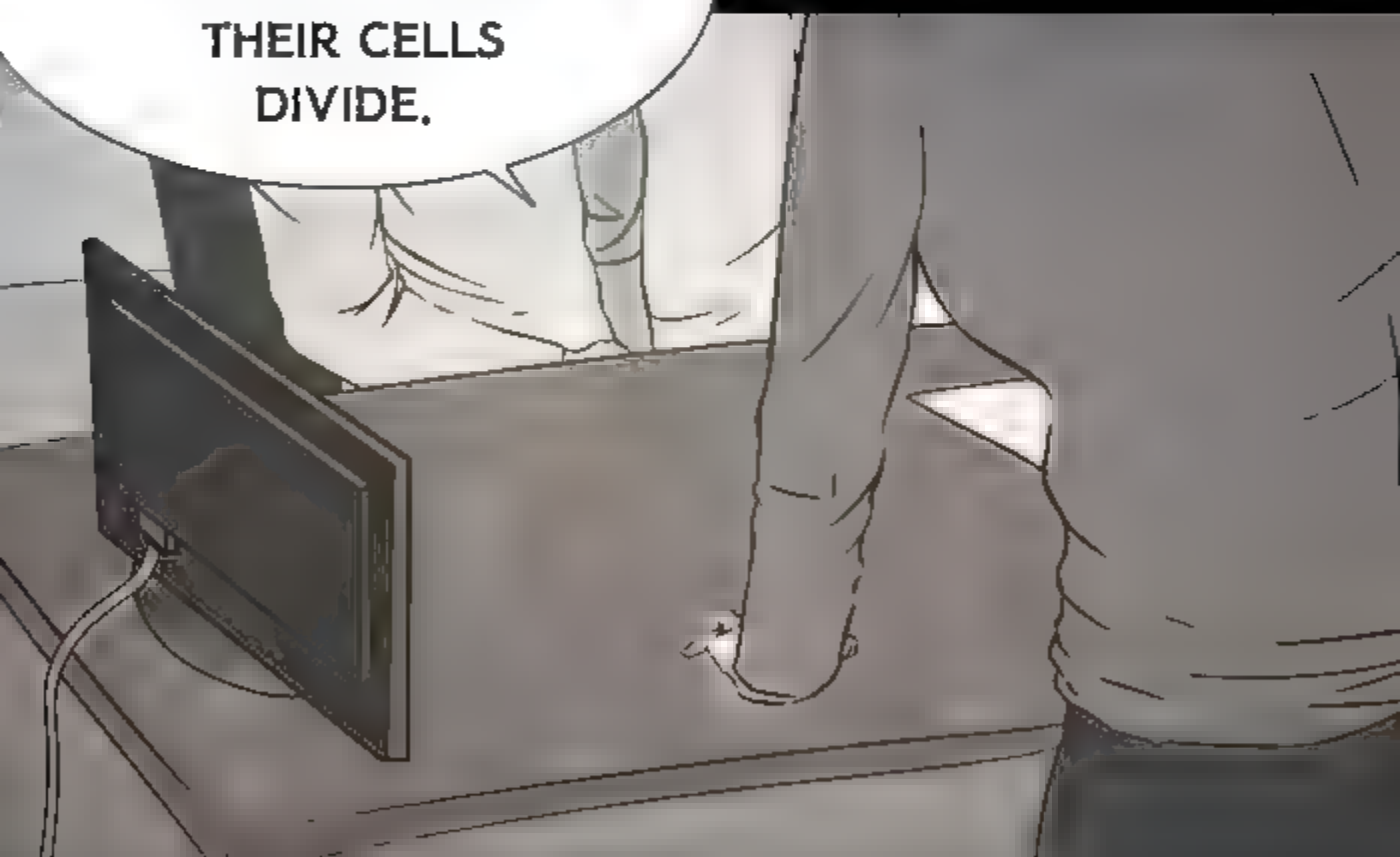
**I DON'T CARE HOW
MUCH IT COSTS!**



**PLEASE...
PLEASE SAVE MY SONS..
I'M BEGGING YOU, DOCTOR...
PLEASE...**

BUT GOD WAS INDIFFERENT.
TO THE POINT WHERE HE APPEARED CRUEL.

THE
YOUNGER THEY ARE,
THE MORE PROLIFICALLY
THEIR CELLS
DIVIDE.

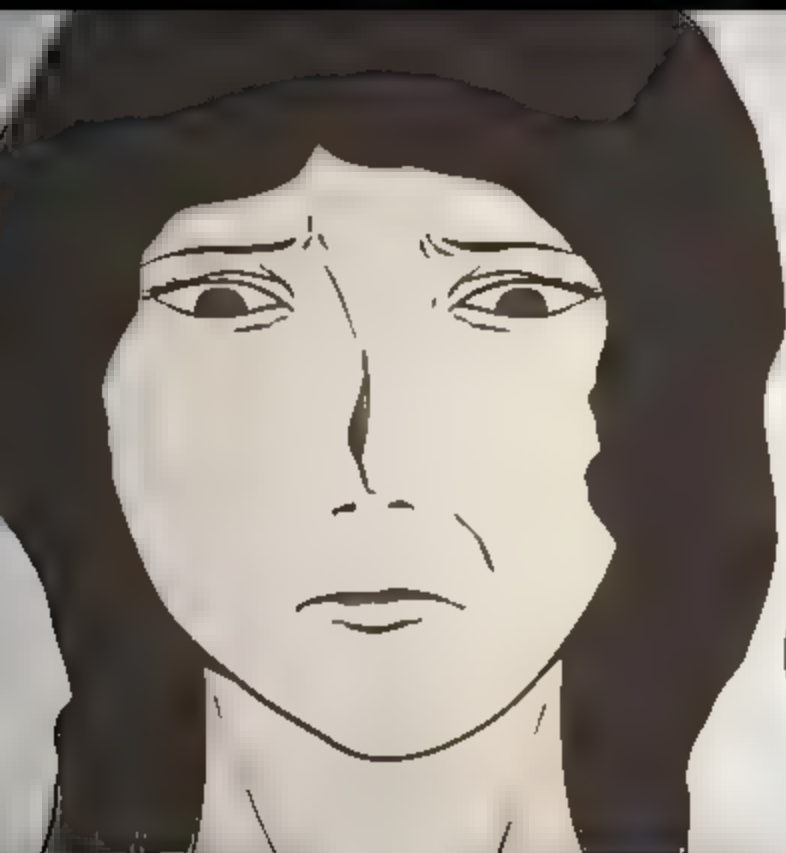




THAT'S WHY
CANCER ALSO
METASTASIZES
QUICKLY.



I COMPLETELY
UNDERSTAND THAT
IT'S A DIFFICULT
DECISION.



BUT WHAT
YOU NEED RIGHT
NOW IS TO DECIDE
QUICKLY.

HE TOLD ME THAT MY OLDER
SON'S LIVER HAD FAILED

AND MY YOUNGER
SON'S KIDNEYS HAD FAILED.



I THOUGHT THAT
I STILL HAD TIME LEFT,

SO I WANTED TO SAVE BOTH OF THEM.
I WANTED TO KEEP THEM BY MY SIDE.



SO I SUGGESTED A PARTIAL
CROSS TRANSPLANT.

AN OPERATION THAT WOULD
TRANSPLANT THE ORGANS THAT THEY
EACH NEED TO ONE ANOTHER,
WHICH COULD SAVE THEM BOTH.



BUT

THE DOCTOR DIDN'T APPROVE.

**EVEN IF
THE CROSS
TRANSPLANT SUCCEEDS,
THE PROBLEM IS WHAT
COMES NEXT.**

A black and white line drawing of a man from the chest up. He is wearing a suit jacket, a collared shirt, and a tie. He is holding a newspaper in front of him with both hands, looking down at it. The background is a simple, light-colored sky with some faint clouds.

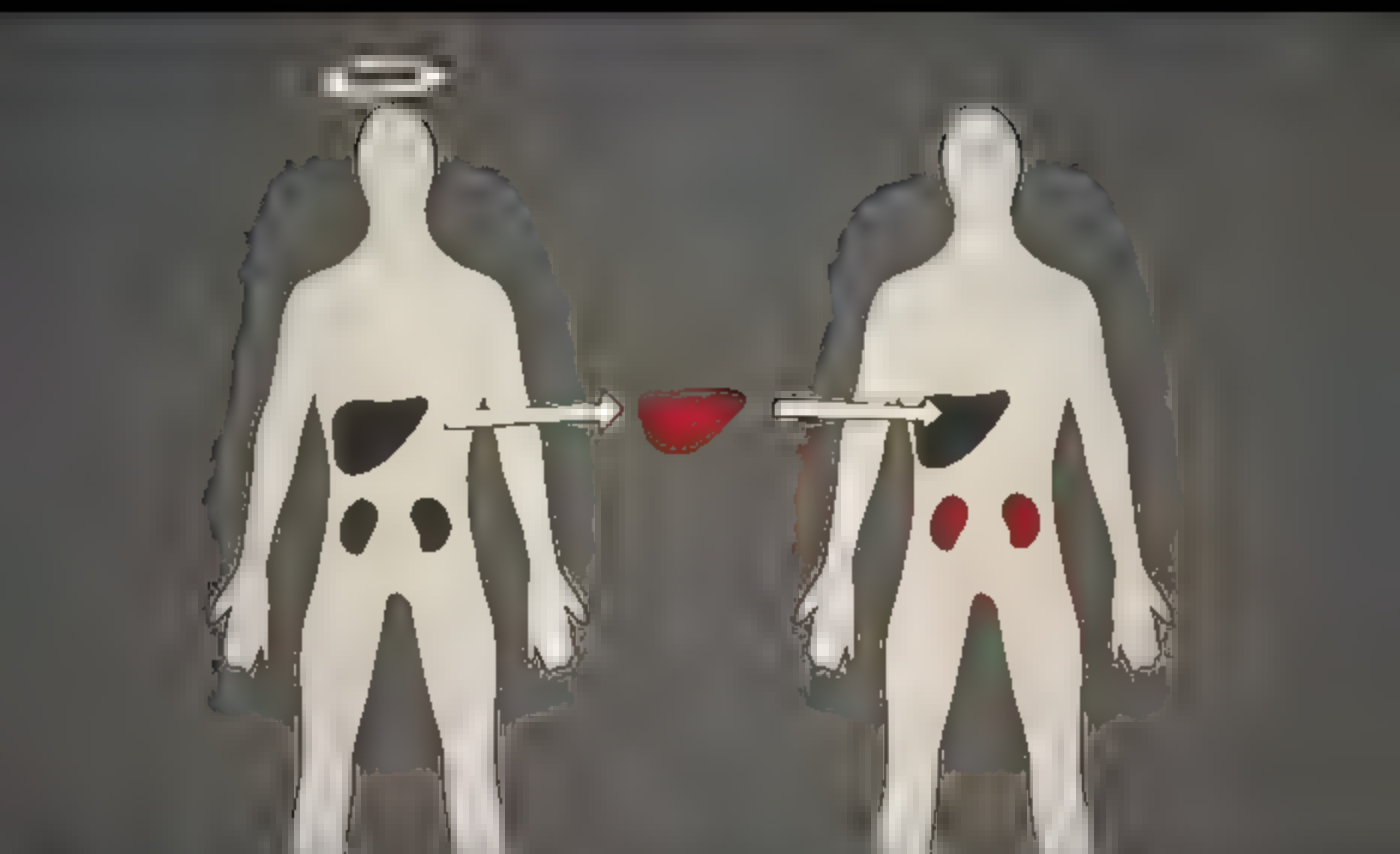
**IF A
PROBLEM
WERE TO REOCCUR
IN THE HALF REMAINING
ORGAN...**

THERE
WOULD BE
NOTHING THAT WE
COULD DO.



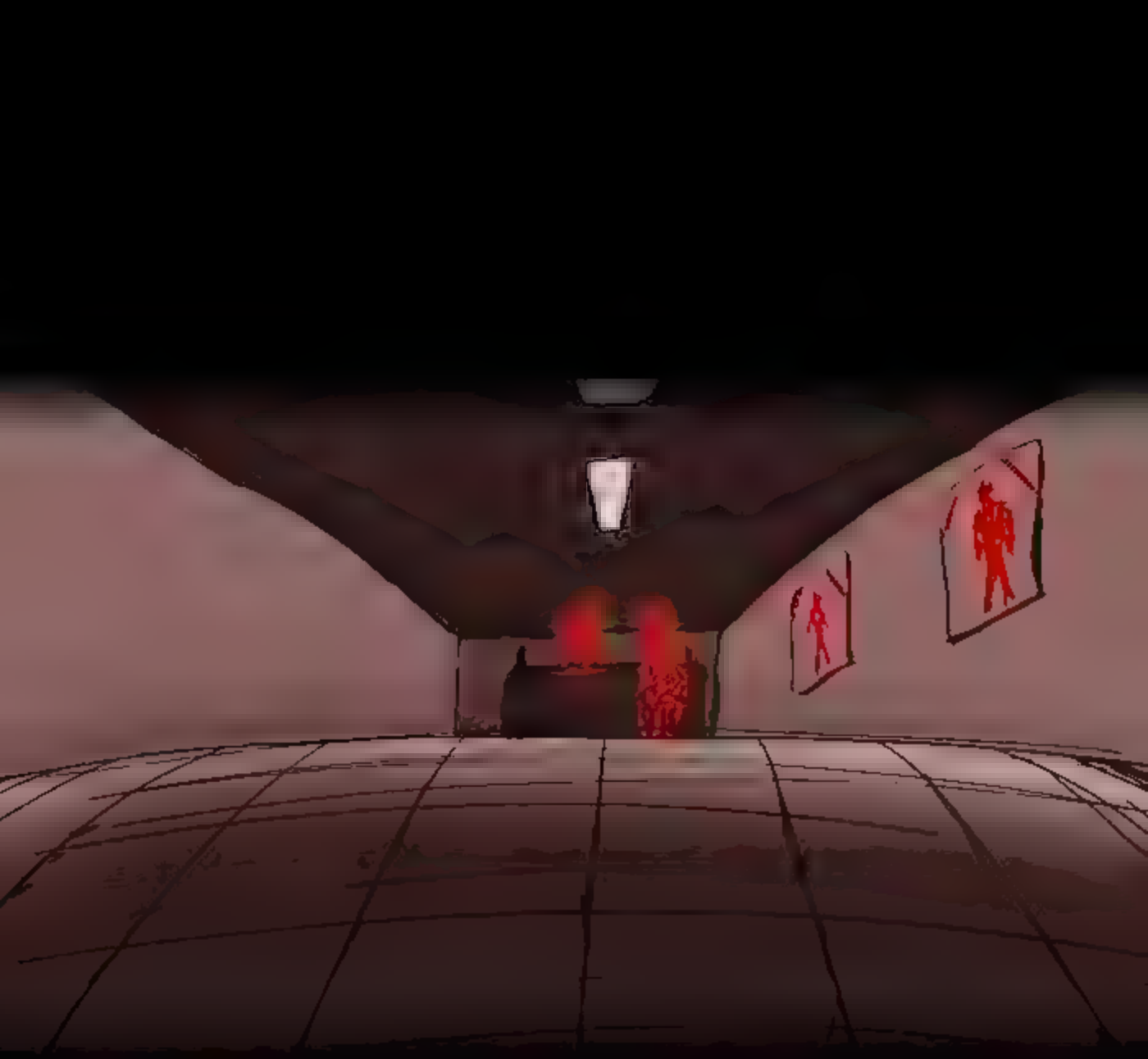
I WANTED TO DENY HIS NEGATIVE OPINION,
BUT IT WAS AN UNDENIABLE FACT

THAT THERE WAS A MUCH
GREATER CHANCE OF A 'PROBLEM'
OCCURRING THAN IN REGULAR CHILDREN.

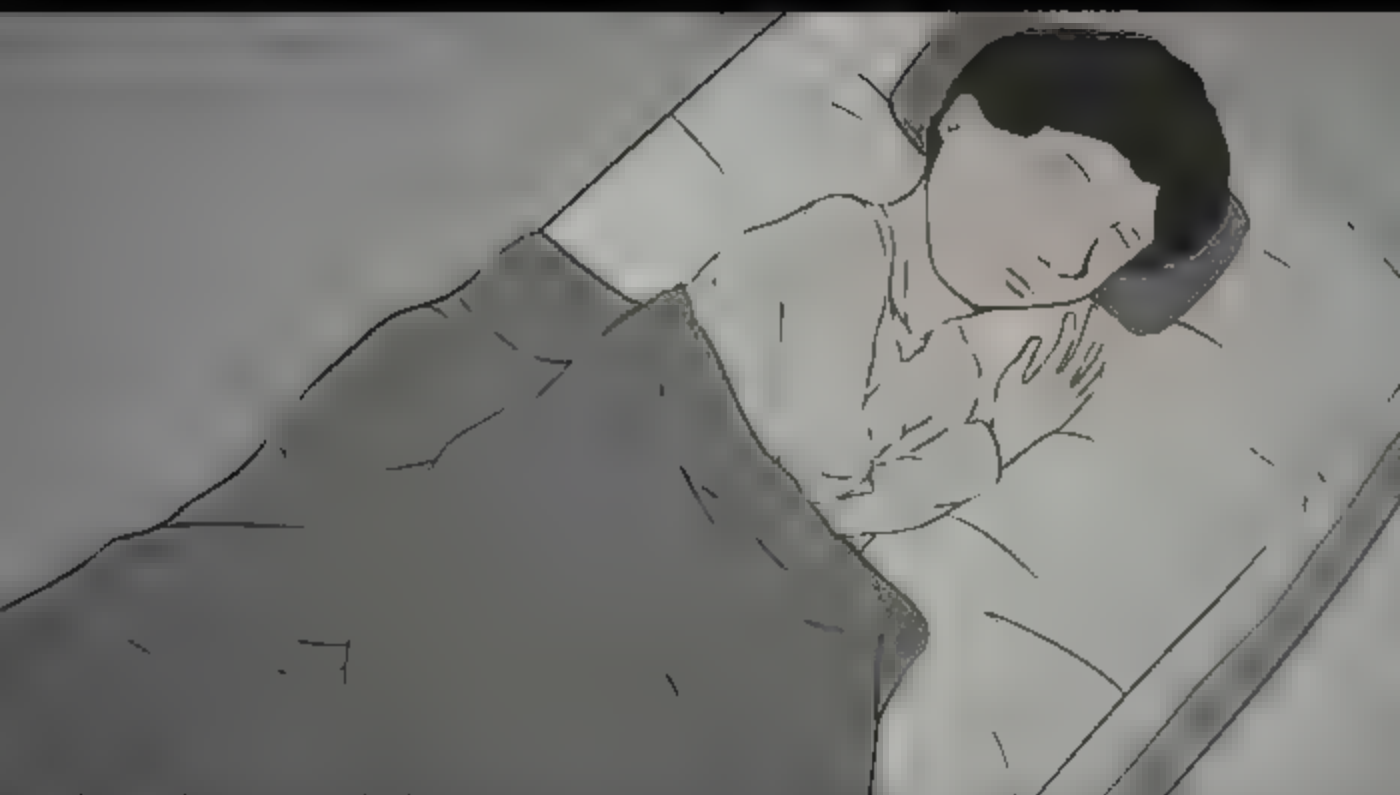


KEEPING
AT LEAST ONE
OF THEM HEALTHY
WOULD BE THE MOST
DESIRABLE OUTCOME
HERE.









**IT WAS SUCH A TREMENDOUS
BLESSING TO HAVE TWINS.**

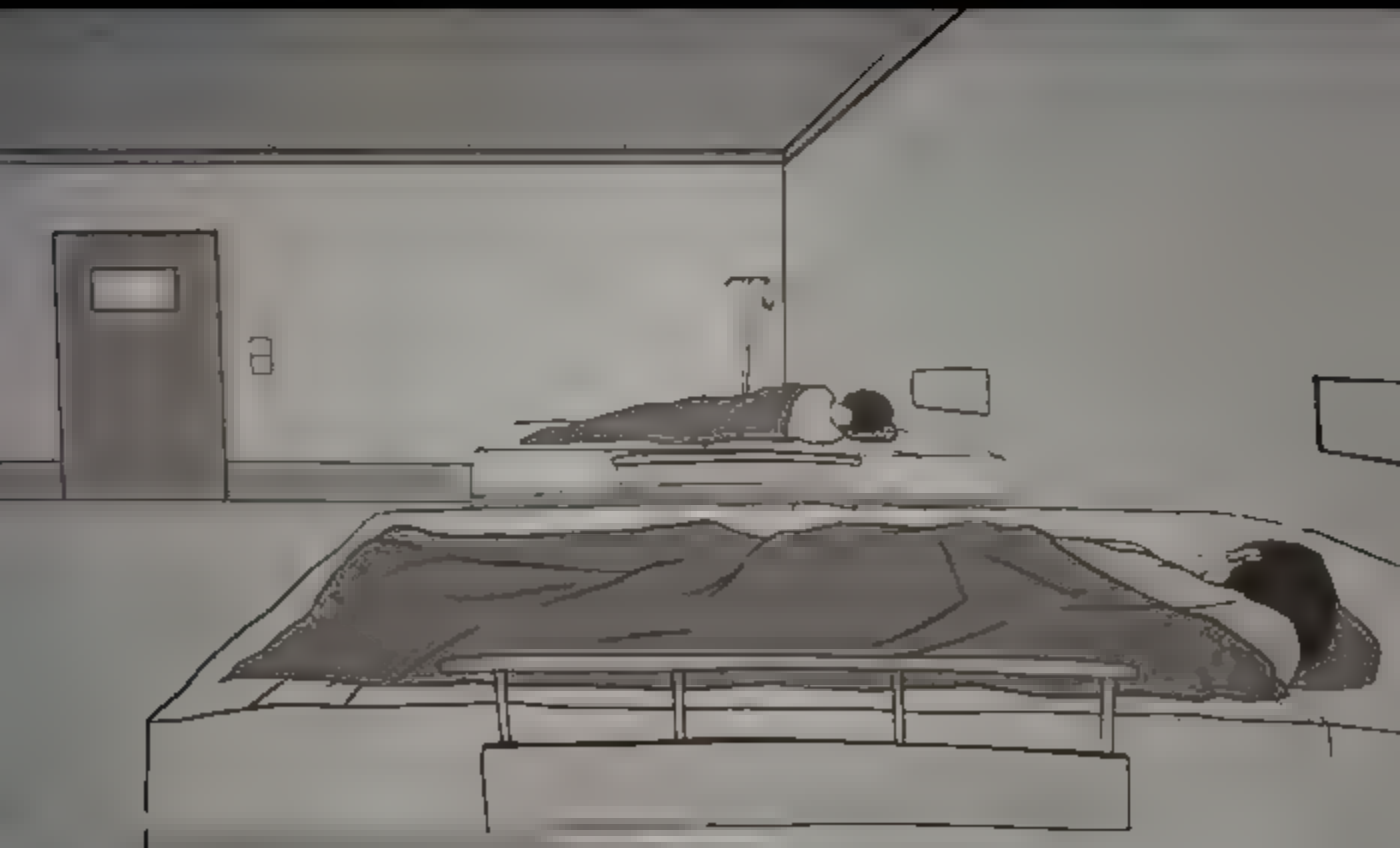


I THOUGHT THAT GOD HAD GIVEN ME HOPE
AND THE WILL TO GO ON LIVING.



BUT HE WAS TRYING TO TAKE
THAT JOY AWAY FROM ME AGAIN.

HE WAS USING THE DOCTOR'S MOUTH
TO TELL ME TO MAKE A CRUEL CHOICE.

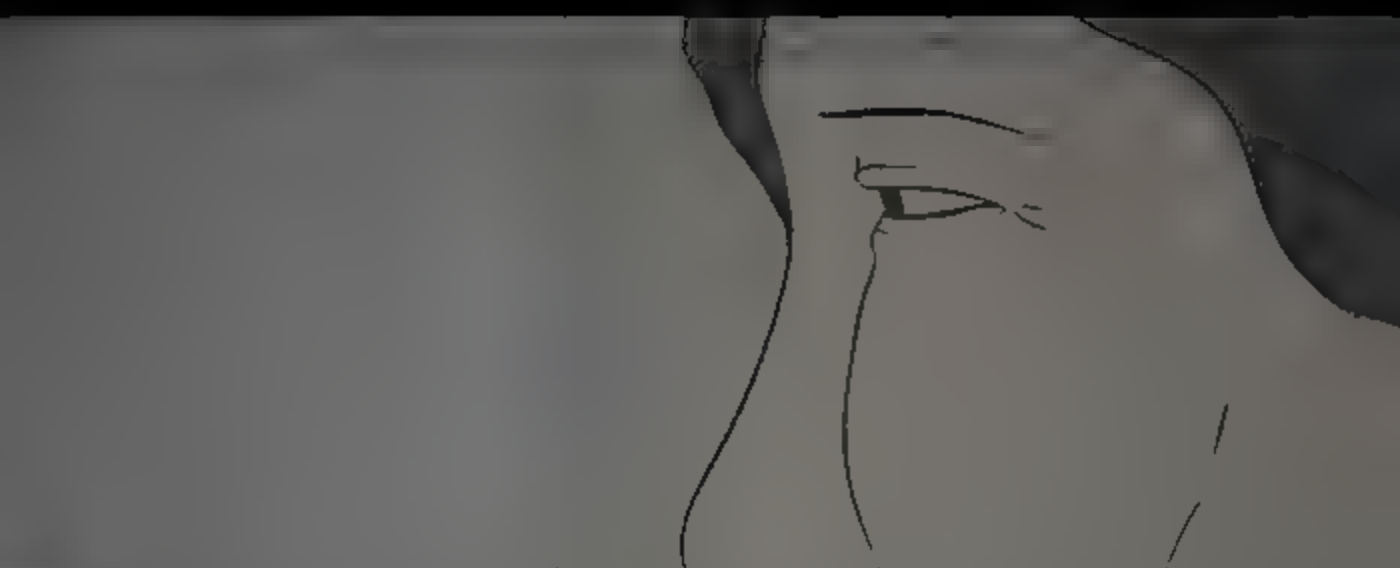


HE WAS BULLYING ME,
TELLING ME TO FORSAKE
MY GREED TO KEEP BOTH OF THEM.



WORRY AND ANGUISH WERE BUSILY
EATING UP THE REMAINING TIME,

MY HEAD RACED WITH THOUGHTS AS I FELT LIKE
I WAS STANDING ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE,



WHEN I FELT LIKE I HAD BARELY MANAGED
TO TAKE A STEP DOWN FROM THE CLIFF,

ONLY THEN WAS I FINALLY
ABLE TO MAKE A DECISION.



SO,
HAVE YOU
MADE A DECISION?





THIS DECISION MAY ONLY BE FOR MY OWN SAKE,
BUT I WAS NOT EMBARRASSED ABOUT IT.

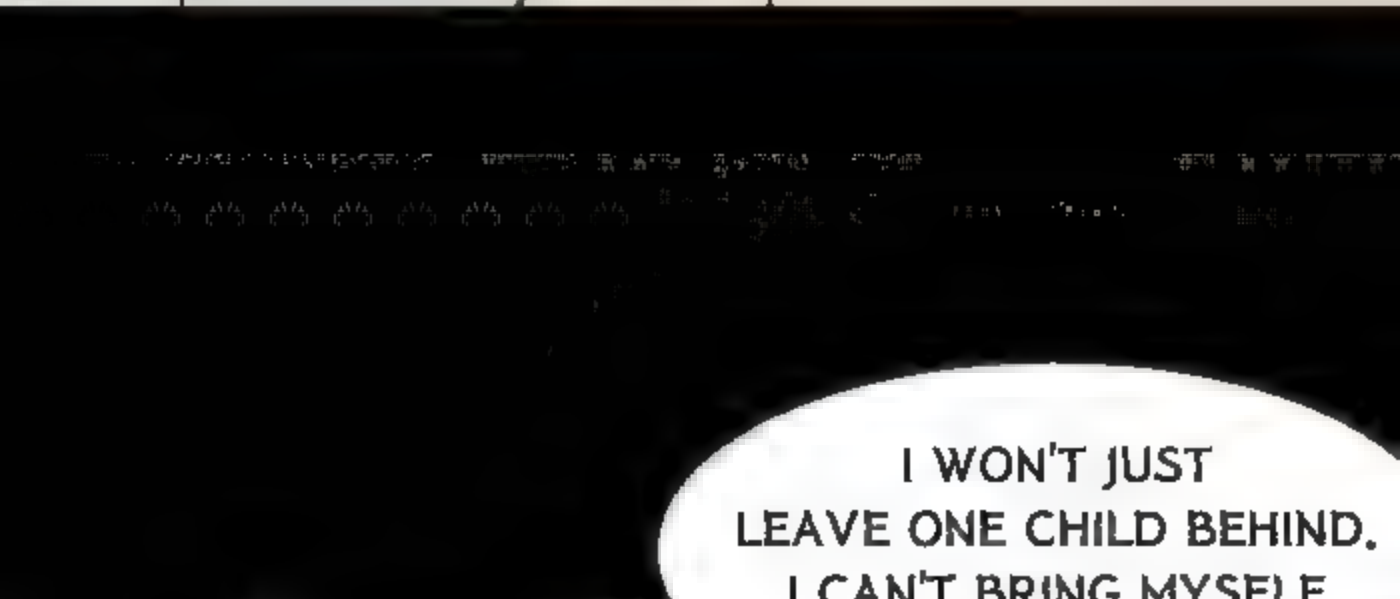
SINCE THEY ARE MY CHILDREN,
AND THIS IS THE TRUE HEART OF THE MOTHER

I SHOULD
START BY SAYING
SORRY.





.....



I WON'T JUST
LEAVE ONE CHILD BEHIND.
I CAN'T BRING MYSELF
TO DO THAT.

CLENCH-



I BELIEVE
THAT ANYONE
FACED WITH MY
SITUATION

ANYONE!



I COULDN'T GAMBLE WITH LIVES ON THE LINE.

THEY WERE FAR TOO YOUNG
TO JUST LET GO LIKE THAT.

NEXT WEEK, THE CHOICE (2)

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